

TWICE-A-WEEK

ABSORBED THE BRADY ENTERPRISE AND THE McCULLOCH COUNTY STAR, May 2, 1910.

TUESDAY-FRIDAY

VOL. XIV, No. 91.

THE BRADY ENTERPRISE
Vol. XIII, No. 34

Brady, McCulloch County, Texas, Tuesday, February 13, 1923.

McCULLOCH COUNTY STAR
Vol. III, No. 1

Whole Number 1265.

FLORSHEIM SHOES--BEST MADE--MANN BROTHERS & HOLTON

AMERICAN LEGION AND BAND STAGE "DAYS OF '49" IN BRADY MARCH 2ND

TEXAS INDEPENDENCE DAY TO BE MARKED WITH REVIVAL OF THE OLDEN DAYS, THE GOLDEN DAYS, OF '49—SALOONS ONCE MORE WILL FLOURISH.

On Friday, March 2nd, Texas Independence day, the hands of time will be turned back for nearly three-quarters of a century, and the olden days, the golden days, of the "Forty-Niners" will come into being once more. Brady will once again resolve itself into a "shack town," typical of the days of the big gold rush. Saloons will flourish, and miners, trail-drivers, cow-punchers and tenderfeet will alternate between the bar over which foaming schooners of prehistoric (no, pre-Volstead) brew will be slid by Mr. Bartender, and the dance-hall, where the scraping of fiddles will be intermingled with the pounding of heels and the do, ce do of the caller. There will be vaudeville shows, athletic shows and minstrel shows at every turn, and every lucky prospector will find his gold dust legal tender at any and all places of amusement and entertainment. The band and legion boys will start the ball rollin' with a big parade.

The primary purpose of the big celebration will be to raise funds jointly for the local post of the American Legion and the Brady Municipal band, both organizations taking part in the promoting of the big celebration and dividing the receipts. U. S. coin will not be accepted at any of the shows or amusements, but may be exchanged for "Bucks," which will be legal tender with any and every "Forty-Niner."

Legion and Band members will appear in Norty-Niner" attire—boots, spurs, red flannel shirts, "neverthing. Next Saturday, the 17th, will be the last day any member will shave, all having voted unanimously to let their beards grow until the day after the big celebration. This is but one of a number of clever advertising schemes, and when any of the boys is questioned about his showing of "sage brush" a card telling all about the big celebration will promptly be handed to the questioner.

There will be no gambling devices operated during the celebration, and liquor stronger than the legalized 1/2 of 1%, will be strictly taboo, but aside from this, "The Days of the Forty-Niners" will be presented true to life, just like a picture out of an old scrap book, or a story of the days of long ago. Everyone will be expected to join in the spirit of the occasion and make the occasion the big success it should be.

Such is the plan evolved by the American Legion and Band boys—and the unique scheme should prove a great success. Just recently, the town of Comanche was turned over to the Legion Post of that county, and a great and successful occasion was staged. The Commander of the Comanche post, together with number of the members, will come to Brady to assist the local boys in staging their big show. Brady will also be turned over to the boys for their celebration, and a celebration such as will long be remembered is promised. Following are the committees that

have been named and which will have charge of the various phases of the celebration:

General Committee: Joe Ogden, chairman; B. L. Hughes, Secretary; S. J. Striegler, W. A. Knox.

Finance Committee: Clarence Snider, Ben Moffatt, Edwin Broad.

Supply Committee: J. W. Ragsdale, C. P. Swim, H. C. King.

Music Committee: T. L. Calloway, R. P. Rose, Gus Carlson.

Vaudeville Show Committee: Harold Deaton, Kyle Biggs, B. R. Rose, Mrs. Roy Wilkerson, Mrs. Jack Ragsdale, Mrs. Chas. Williams.

Publicity Committee: Wm. D. Cargill, Carl Sheppard, W. D. Jordan.

Parade Committee: Tom Jones, Willie W. Hurd, Hardin Jones.

Athletic Show Committee: J. W. Hobbs, Eric Swenson, Robt. Tabor, O. B. Craddock.

Dance and Bar Committee: Francis Keller, H. K. Adkins, Bob Parish, Mrs. S. J. Striegler, Mrs. B. L. Hughes.

Arrangement Committee: J. A. Holton, W. E. McCall, Mrs. V. B. Deaton, A. R. Hooper, J. G. McCall, M. L. Leddy.

Minstrel Show Committee: Chas. Williams, Jack Gartman, Ernest McMurray.

STATE EVANGELIST OF THE CHURCH OF GOD TO VISIT IN BRADY THIS WEEK

Eld. E. O. Steward of Houston will conduct a Gospel revival under the auspices of the Church of God, beginning Friday night, at the First Church of Christ in Brady, at 7:45.

Eld. Steward is highly spoken of among Bible students and takes a great delight in telling men and women what they must do to be saved. Everybody come and bring sinners to hear the Gospel of the Kingdom.

See Macy & Co. for feed of all kinds, and field seeds. Phone 295.

Last of American Troops Home From Europe



"Sweet land of Liberty" hummed khaki-clad American doughboys of the regular army as they sail-ingly sailed into Savannah (Ga.) harbor last week aboard the U. S. Transport *Sas Miami*. The insert picture shows the American troops leaving Coblenz, Germany, marching to the train past the French Guard of Honor. Sad at parting where a sincere friendship had grown with German civilians—the Yanks, one and all were glad to be home again.

COMPANY ASKS 50-YEAR FRANCHISE FOR OPERATION SEWERAGE SYSTEM

CITY COUNCIL RECEIVES PROPOSAL FOR THE CONSTRUCTING, MAINTAINING AND OPERATING OF SAN- ITARY SEWERAGE—PUBLIC OPINION SOUNDED.

The Brady City Council has received and now has under consideration, a proposition made by W. M. Harris, city engineer of Georgetown, Texas, wherein a company, in which Mr. Harris is presumably interested, offers to acquire, own, construct, maintain and operate a system of sanitary sewerage mains, and pipes, conduits, sewers, man-holes, basins and all other necessities in a first-class sewerage system and to lay along and under the public streets, alleys, squares, streams, bridges and lanes of the City of Brady, Texas, all such mains, pipes, conduits, sewers, man-holes, etc., as may be necessary for the purpose of maintaining and operating such a sewerage system within the city limits. In return for this service, the company asks the council to grant to it the right, privilege and franchise for the operating of such sewerage system for a period of fifty years, and also authorizing the charging of certain stipulated rates.

While individual members of the city council are inclined to view the general proposition with favor, yet it is their desire that the citizenship give voice to opinion and views upon the subject. In order to take advantage of the offer, the city council would have to enact certain ordinances, among which would be the condemning of all privies, water closets, urinal basins, sloop drains, public bath tubs, etc., as public nuisances unless connected with the system of sewerage to be installed.

The suggested rates, which also would be fixed by ordinance, are as follows:

	Per Year
City Hall and premises.....
Public Schools
Stores and Offices.	
Water closets	\$15.00
Urinal basins	6.00
Sinks	6.00
Restaurants, chop houses, etc..	18.00
Barber shops	18.00
Livery stables, factories	15.00
Attachment for drain and waste	8.00
Boarding Houses and Hotels.	
Water closets	\$15.00
Urinal basins	6.00
Sinks	6.00
Private Houses.	
Water closets and urinal basins	\$12.00
Sinks	3.00
Tubs	6.00
Laundries; water closets, urinals, etc.	\$18.00
Bath Houses	\$18.00
Attachment for tubs (each)....	6.00

It would further be stipulated in the ordinance granting this franchise, that the company is to receive a return of 8% from its net investment, and if the number of connections made are not sufficient to return an 8% on its investment, then it shall have the right to increase the rates to not exceeding 50% of the above schedule, or in such amount as will bring the desired revenue. Also, the company would not be forced to lay

a sewerage system to any section of the city where the returns would not equal the required 8% on the cost of installation.

In return, the company obligates itself to perform its obligations well and truly under penalty of forfeiture of franchise for failure to perform.

In speaking about the matter, Mayor E. L. Jones stated that if Brady was ever to install such a sewerage system, now was the opportune time. A number of citizens have installed their own private septic tanks for the disposal of their sewerage, and this class would be steadily increasing in number, making it either impossible for a sewerage system to be operated as a public utility, or else bringing a hardship to bear upon owners of septic tanks in forcing them to make connection with the public sewer, after they had gone to the expense to provide their own individual plant.

For this reason, the council would like to hear from the citizenship upon this all-important subject. As always, The Standard offers its columns for a full, free and frank discussion of the subject.

NOTICE!

On account of compiling ledger information furnished by the Brady merchants, there will be no meeting of the Rating Board during the month of January. RETAIL MERCHANTS ASS'N.

Thanks.

We wish to express our appreciation to our pastor, friends and neighbors for their many deeds of kindness and words of condolence, and floral tributes during the illness and death of our beloved husband and father, J. A. Temple. May God richly reward you all, is our prayer.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Snell.
Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Hardin.
Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Cox.
Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Parker.

L. L. SHIELD, PIONEER CITIZEN OF WEST TEXAS DIED IN SANTA ANNA

Mr. L. L. Shield of Santa Anna, a pioneer citizen of West Texas, died at his home in that city Wednesday morning, 8:30 o'clock, February 7, 1923, following a brief illness. Death followed a recurrence of heart trouble which visited him early Tuesday night.

Funeral services were conducted Thursday, 2:00 o'clock p. m. and interment made in Santa Anna cemetery. The Christian minister at Santa Anna conducted the funeral services which were attended by many old friends from Coleman and other communities in the county.

Mr. Shield had lived in Coleman county almost a half century and had been identified with the progress and development of West Texas since 1874 when he settled at the frontier trading post of Trickham. He was engaged in the live stock business and merchandising during the early history of Coleman county and later engaged in the banking business. He represented this section of Texas in the 20th Legislature and the flag on the State Capitol in Austin was flown at half mast Wednesday as a tribute of respect to his memory.

Mr. Shield was living in his 73rd year; he was born in Panola county, Mississippi, August 27, 1850, moved to Titus county, Texas in 1868 and to Coleman county in 1874 before the permanent organization of this county. He was married to Miss Caroline Hubert, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Will Hubert, September 20, 1877, in Brown county. He is survived by his wife and four children, viz: Leon L. Shield of Coleman, H. I. Shield and Elgean Shield of Santa Anna and Mrs. Carl Wallace of Bangs. A daughter, Mrs. Beulah Brown, died in Santa Anna about twelve years ago.

Deceased was a member of a family of thirteen own brothers and eight half brothers. Only two brothers survive, viz: Jerome W. Shield of San Angelo, Texas, and W. F. Shield of Oklahoma.—Coleman Democrat-Voice.

Death of Mrs. T. J. Lewis.

The death of Mrs. T. J. Lewis occurred last Saturday morning at the family home in Southwest Brady. Death followed a stroke of paralysis which she had suffered the Tuesday previous, her condition growing steadily worse until death relieved her sufferings. She had been in ill health for some time, and since last September had suffered several light attacks of paralysis from which she had never fully recovered.

With her husband, Mrs. Lewis had moved here about a year ago from Mercury in order to be near her sister, Mrs. Mattie Bradley. She was a wonderful Christian woman, having been a faithful and true member of the Methodist church for the past forty years, and being loved and ad-

BERRY & LATHAM OPEN COTTON EX- CHANGE IN BRADY

One of the most progressive moves yet made in Brady is the opening of a cotton exchange here by Berry & Latham, well known exchange men of Brownwood, where they have long been established, and whose coming to Brady is the source of gratification to local cotton men and grain and livestock dealers and producers as well.

The new firm is arranging to open their exchange in the Syndicate building, where offices are now being fitted up, and expect to have their exchange in operation within the next ten days. The opening of the exchange here assures continuous markets on cotton, grain, live stock, etc., and will prove of inestimable benefit and convenience to dealers and brokers.

Credit for the opening of the exchange here is due the cotton men of Brady, through whose united efforts Messrs. Berry & Latham have become interested in the local market. Needless to say, the cotton men are elated at the success attained, and which assures tip-top markets here every minute of the day.

Funeral services were held Saturday afternoon, the Rev. C. L. Brown conducting, and interment was made in Brady cemetery.

Surviving are the husband and five sons: Tom of Waldrip, Dock and George of Mullin, John of Artesia, N. M., and Martin Lewis of Knox city. Two sisters, Mrs. Bradley of Brady and Mrs. J. C. Nance of Coryell county, and two brothers, Tom Stencer of Coryell county and R. M. Stencer of Mexihoma, Okla., also survive. Mrs. Tom Terry was a niece of Mrs. Lewis.

Three of the boys, Dock, Tom and George came here for the funeral, the latter, however, arriving too late to attend the services.

To the bereaved is extended heartfelt sympathy.

MRS. BETTY BROOKS, AGED MOTHER OF F. BROOKS OF VOCA, AT POINT OF DEATH

F. Brook, prominent and well-known Voca citizen, was in Brady yesterday and gave out the sad news that his mother, Mrs. Betty Brooks, was at the point of death at her home in Mason county, and five miles from Fredonia. Mr. Brooks had just left her bedside Sunday after spending four days and nights attending her. Physicians called to her aid, have abandoned all hope for her recovery, her advanced age of nearly 87, and the fact that she is unable to take more than the tiniest bit of nourishment, adding to her rapid decline.

Mrs. Brook is one of the pioneer citizens of the Fredonia community, having lived there for over a quarter of a century, and being known to and loved by all the citizens of that section. For the past five months she has been in feeble condition and had to be helped in bed and out, but recently her condition has become grave, and she is conscious only at intervals. She is being constantly attended by her daughter and husband, who make their home on the old Brooks homestead with her mother.

E. R. Cantwell
MATTRESS MAKER
AND UPHOLSTERER
Brady : Texas

Leave Your
KODAK FILMS
With
DAVIS & GARTMAN
TO BE FINISHED

Spring Hats

Refreshing in Fabric and Trim

Nothing can add a touch of brightness to a late Winter costume more bewitchingly than a new hat—a Spring hat. The gay company that is here, having recently been selected by Mrs. Bauhof who has just returned from market, includes Fisk hats with fruit and flower trimmings, tailored hats of fine Milan with ribbon cocardes, hair cloth and colorful styles, made of heavy silk faille in coquettish shapes. Eastern hat designers are partial to reseda green, gray and strawberry, with second place being held by French blue, nut brown and clover. Come in and try the effect of these new shades.

Mrs. W. M. Bauhof
UPSTAIRS AT R. WILENSKY'S
EAST SIDE

THE BRADY STANDARD

H. F. Schwenker, Editor

Entered as second class matter May 17, 1910, at postoffice at Brady, Tex., under Act of March 3, 1879.

The management assumes no responsibility for any indebtedness incurred by any employe, unless upon the written order of the editor.

ADVERTISING RATES
Local Readers, 7 1/2c per line, per issue
Classified Ads, 1 1/2c per word per issue
Display Rates Given upon Application

Notices of church entertainments where a charge of admission is made, obituaries, cards of thanks, resolutions of respect, and all matters not news, will be charged for at the regular rates.

Any erroneous reflection upon the character of any person or firm appearing in these columns will be gladly and promptly corrected upon calling the attention of the management to the article in question.



BRADY, TEXAS, Feb. 13, 1923

HONEST INJURY

The height of hospitality is reached when the office stove is placed so that all loungers can expectorate upon it without craning their necks.

THE SEWERAGE FRANCHISE.

An interesting and important matter is now before the citizens of Brady, viz: the matter of granting a 50-year franchise to a corporation or company in return for the privilege of having installed in Brady a modern and complete sewerage system.

When one views the mud pond that graces (?) the south side of the public square; when one calls to mind the obvious health menace that surface toilets offer, when one reflects that the needs of the citizens are constantly growing—in fact, have grown to such an extent already that many citizens have instituted steps to provide private sewerage as afforded by septic tanks—then the need of sewerage, and drainage and sewage disposal becomes obvious and the need of such a system imperative.

If the matter is longer delayed, then additional numbers of citizens will be impelled to build private septic tanks. This, then, would mean that these citizens will have double expense when the sewerage system is eventually installed, or else they will have to be granted a period of exemption, which, in turn, will deprive the sewerage system of revenue, and make the cost of operation greater per individual.

No doubt the rates presented are rates which conform to those established in cities of the size and area of Brady. Such a fact could easily be ascertained. At any rate, they appear reasonable. For instance, the rate for a private home maintaining water closet, sink and bath would total \$21 per year. The average family-size septic tank costs between

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

- THE BRADY STANDARD
Published Semi-Weekly
Tuesday - Friday
Brady, Texas
To any postoffice within 50 miles of Brady \$1.50 per year
SIX MONTHS 75c
THREE MONTHS 40c
Remittances on subscriptions for less than three months will be credited at the rate of 15c per month.
To postoffice more than 50 miles from Brady \$2.00 per year
SIX MONTHS \$1.00
THREE MONTHS 65c
Subscriptions for a period of less than three months, 5c per copy, straight.

Effective January 1, 1923.

LINCOLN'S GETTYSBURG ADDRESS

Delivered at the Dedication of the National Cemetery, November 19, 1863

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent, a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate—we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow—this ground. The brave men, living and dead who struggled here have consecrated it, far above our poor power to add or detract.

\$150 and \$200. In other words, the annual expenditure of a family over a period of ten years for the privilege of sewerage connection would be no greater, approximately, than the initial cost of building a septic tank.

As before stated, if Brady is ever to have a sewerage system, then now is the opportune time. The citizenship should carefully consider the proposition made, and voice their opinions. Then let us back the city council in whatever course they decide is best.

VIOLETS AND ROSES.

It cost but little, but, say, how it helps! "That's the way The Standard editor felt about it when Friend H. C. Samuel dropped in this morning and said, "Harry, that sure was a dandy paper you got out last week. I suppose you have had lots of compliments upon it?"

Then there's Friend W. A. Penn of Mercury community, who brightens us up with the following fragrant bouquet of roses: "Have just received statement and blank check from you, which I have filled out and mailed herein that I might keep your valuable paper coming for the present year. Everything looks promising for a good crop year and we are glad to have you keep us informed of things going on in McCulloch county, and also as a general newspaper; and I also like to read your advertising columns. Wishing you health and prosperity, and thanking you for all past and future favors."

It was ever thus and likely always will be. A few days ago we published a very complimentary article about a local citizen, but in it we made a trivial and immaterial error. The first time we met him after the paper was published, he mentioned the error but said nothing about the rest of the article. People rarely fail to point out an error in a newspaper. Seemingly, they take pleasure in doing so. If the local newspapers were to point out the errors committed by every townsman it would likely contain not much else.—Plainview News.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Every time the President names a man for the Supreme Court he is attacked either because he is not well known enough or is known altogether too well.—New York Tribune.

A good many fuel companies can comply with the order to supply substitutes for coal without departing any from their former methods.—New York Tribune.

Prominent financial editor says the thing for everybody to do is to go to work, and, he should add, that they should work after they get there.—New York American.

Discoveries of those long-hidden Egyptian treasurers must have been as thrilling as the man who found some of last year's anthracite in a dark corner of the coal-bin.—Brooklyn Eagle.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Mrs. Chas. Riordan and daughter, Mary Evelyn, returned Saturday from a several weeks' visit with relatives in Illinois.

Mrs. J. B. Atkinson and daughter, Louise of Sterling City, came Saturday for a visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Westbrook.

Miss Wilna Shropshire, who is teaching school in Brown county, spent the week end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Shropshire.

Messrs. Howard and Edwin Broad left yesterday for San Antonio where they are in attendance upon the convention of the Winchester clubs.

Mrs. A. Barquist and daughter, Miss Ellen Barquist, R. N., visited in Brownwood the past week as guests of their daughter and sister, Mrs. P. H. Charnquist.



The Standard's Easy-Fi-Ad rate is 1 1/2c per word for each insertion with a minimum charge of 25c. Count the words in your ad and remit accordingly. Terms cash, unless you have a ledger account with us.

LOST

LOST—A Ford mud chain between the Martin place and Brady. Finder please return to JOHN WALL, Brady.

STRAYED

STRAYED—One black mare mule, 15 hands high, with white in forehead. Wire cut on inside of right foreleg at top of hoof. J. W. HAYWOOD, Placid, Tex.

WANTED

WANTED—Sacks. O. D. MANN & SONS.

FOR SALE—Silver Lace Wyandotte Eggs; \$1.50 per setting of 15. ROBT. FINLAY, Fife.

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Maize heads. PAUL JONES, Rochelle, Texas.

FOR SALE—Rebuilt Overland 4; guaranteed to be in good shape. MANN-RICKS AUTO CO.

FOR SALE—Water Well Rig; also team to trade for the right car. Call on or write owner L. A. HARVISON, Mercury, Texas.

FOR SALE—50-acre farm 1 1/4 miles North of Brady on Coleman road; 25 in cultivation; 8 room house, small barn, good well, earthen tank, 40-barrel cistern. W. J. ROBERTS, Brady.

FOR SALE—Pure-bred S. C. R. I. Cocker. Will have 60 Hens, Cockrels and Pullets at Mayhew Produce Co., Saturday, Feb. 17th. If you want good Reds, don't miss this sale. B. R. MILLER, Voca, Texas.

FOR SALE—Pure Mebane Cotton Planting Seed, one year from breeders; machine culled, in bulk, and any amount desired \$1.25 per bushel. J. D. Powell, Rochelle, Texas, Rt. 1, Box 57.

BUY YOUR SPRING SHOES HERE

Correct Spring Styles are Now in Stock Not One Style—But a Hundred

COMPLETE RUNS OF SIZES IN ALL STYLES

Widths AA To E

Pumps, Oxfords and Satin Slippers

WITH A BIG ASSORTMENT OF COMBINATION SPORT OXFORDS AND STRAPS

Hosiery to Match "A Complete Shoe Store" For Men Women and Children

South Side

C. H. Vincent DRY GOODS

Brady, Texas

LOCAL BRIEFS

B. W. Cude was in from the Calf Creek community last Saturday and reported himself as mighty well pleased with the outlook for a good crop year. Mr. Cude has 250 acres, practically all of which was broken before the rains and the snow, and says he is going in for diversified farming with a right good will this season.

The Standard editor had opportunity the past week to see some of the drawings made by Billie Roddie, 13-year old son of Mrs. H. P. Roddie, and unhesitatingly recommends him as an artist of exceptional ability. Master Billie has reproduced sketches with amazing accuracy and fidelity, and his work is deserving of all the more praise because he shows natural talent, and has received no training as yet. Billie loves to sketch, and promises to develop into a real artist some of these days.

Voca has a millionaire. Startling news, but true, for A. S. Johnston, popular superintendent of the Voca school last Saturday confirmed the report that he had just acquired one million German marks. Mr. Johnston now has enough money to paper a house with, or to provide fuel for an entire winter, but says he will use

his money for nothing of the sort, but, on the contrary, will keep it stored away until the mark recovers its original value, whereupon he will "cash in" and spend the rest of his days in ease and luxury.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Hardin arrived here last week from Worgham, having been called to Brady by news of the serious illness of the lady's father, J. A. Temple. The telegram, however, had been delayed, so that they did not receive the news until after his death, and consequently, because of bad railroad schedules, they arrived here too late for the funeral. Mr. and Mrs. Hardin are former Brady citizens, and their friends sympathize with them in their bereavement.

Aaron Awalt was here from the Camp San Saba neighborhood last Saturday. Aaron spent a couple years farming in Mason county, but has sold his property there and is back on the Awalt home place at Camps, which he will look after, and where he will stock farm. Aaron says the roads are anything but good traveling since all the rains and moistures, and that it is a zig-zag trip coming to Brady. He is firm believer in the value of good roads, and says he expects to keep on boosting for them until we get them. He avers that farmers who are sending

their children to school over the one and one-half mile stretch of highway built a year ago, would not think of changing back and traveling the old road at any price.

S. A. Benham returned Sunday morning from a twelve-day at market, during which he visited in Dallas, St. Louis and Chicago. Mr. Benham reports finding the weather mighty cold in Chicago, but having enjoyed his trip nevertheless. He was elated with his purchases, and says that aside from the advance made by the American Woolen mills, the markets reminded him of the period just before the war. Prices are just about the same, and Sport styles are again vogue as before the war, while Paisley is again the predominant dress goods, all the new garments reflecting this attractive material in their make-up and trimmings. Mr. Benham has exquisite offerings in bags to match Paisley garments, and combs to match the bags and his stock is the greatest he has ever selected. His selection of hats he promises as one of the prettiest and most elaborate ever shown here. The new goods are arriving daily, and promise a display that will be certain to prove most alluring to feminine eyes.

Show Card Ink in all colors. The Brady Standard.

Richard Lloyd Jones Says About A House Of Cards

EVERY schoolboy knows the story of the two women of the American Revolution who, screened behind a rock, mimicked so well with rifle and drum the approach of soldiers that the hostile red coats took fright and fled.

Ethan Allen, with nothing more than the declamation, "In the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress," took Ticonderoga.

One Federal scout with a handful of men walked into a federation stronghold in Tennessee, produced from a small water-filled vial a dice-sized cube of phosphorus which burned with fury when exposed to the air before the dazed Confederate officers. This scout then told the enemy that there was a large army of Federal troops over the hill; that they had tons of that stuff; and that they would shoot the town full of it unless the Confederates vacated.

The Confederates at Centerville, Virginia, recognizing their weakness and the presence of an overwhelming Federal force, built an impregnable fort and mounted some tree trunks so that from a short distance they looked like cannon. They then made their escape, and for days the Federal forces stood their distance, fearing to attack the seemingly impregnable but wholly uninhabited and fictitious fort.

When, as Governor of New Jersey, Woodrow Wilson was advised by his friends that he could not hope to put through certain important planks in his platform because of the strength of the opposition, he replied: "Do not allow yourselves to be dismayed. You

see where the machine is entrenched, and it looks like a real fortress, as if real men were inside, as if they had real guns. Go touch it. It is a house of cards. Those are imitation generals. Put the shoulder against the thing and it collapses."

The truly courageous man wastes but little time in measuring the strength of the enemy. He wants only to know that he himself is strong.

Bluff is always a confession of weakness. The hill looks steep from the distance; reach its foot and the grade is easier than it seemed.

The man who has something worth fighting for has neither time nor inclination to assume a pose, nor is he frightened by a pose. Only true and conscious worth dares stand naked among its fellows. Much pose means much lacking.

The citizen soldier is the great friend of the state today. Never was moral courage so necessary nor civic bravery such a religious need. Be right. When you are sure you are RIGHT, don't be bluffed by a house of cards.

POEM by UNCLE JOHN

There wouldn't be no troubles, if the people didn't tell 'em,—but some ain't satisfied, unless they speak of what's befall 'em. . . . You ketch a chimney-corner full of weather-bound commuters, and, nineteen out of twenty, you would class as trouble-shooters. . . .

THE TROUBLES The Widder Hanks has got a case of chronic indigestion.—The neighbors knowed it all around, afore they asked a question. She passed out her innard pangs to every saint an' sinner, till most of 'em has got afeard to eat their Sunday dinner!

And old Bill Sipes has croaked about rheumatics in his system, till none of us can understand how we have ever missed 'em. . . . In fact I limp a few myself, right after Sipes's visit,—It may not be the rheumatics,—but what the thunder is it!

I wish they'd pass a law begosh, that hit the trouble-slinger,—not any common, legal josh,—but a regular hum-dinger! I'd want a law to functionate—a little short of killin'—Though, if it took that sort of rate, I reckon I'd be willin'!

HONEY PHILOSOPHY for 1923

DOWN with the pain killers. Away with the crowd that would make life just a sweet indolent song. These fallers pose as our friends, and yet they'd strip us of protection, and leave us victims of the stealthy and insidious approach of evil and disease. Don't cuss when you have a toothache. Praise the good Lord who sent it along. Pain is the signal of danger. If you don't heed it, it shouts a little louder, an' finally it'll make you hear. Ever have tick dol-lar? When you know some-thing's wrong, you start to correct it. If you don't the consequences are up to you. That quack with his pain killer an' his alluring sorpotica, is the worst enemy of man. You can't get pure gold without sassing through the melting pot. Don't kick. Cheer.

MISS LULU BETT

by
Zona Gale

Illustrations by
Irwin Myers



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SYNOPSIS

I—APRIL.—General factotum in the house of her sister, Ina, wife of Herbert Deacon, in the small town of Warbleton Lulu Bett leads a dull, cramped existence, with which she is constantly at enmity, though apparently satisfied with her lot. She has natural thoughts and aspirations which neither her sister nor her brother-in-law seemingly can comprehend. To Mr. Deacon comes Bobby Larkin, recently graduated high-school youth, secretly enamored of Deacon's elder daughter, Diana, an applicant for a "job" around the Deacon house. He is engaged, his occupation to be to keep the lawn in trim. The family is excited over Deacon's brother Ninian, whom he had not seen for many years. Deacon jokes with Lulu, with subtle meaning, concerning the coming meet-

ing. II—MAY.—Chiefly because of the ripple in her placid, colorless existence which the arrival of Ninian will bring, Lulu is interested and speculative, meanwhile watching with something like envy the boy-and-girl love-making of Bobby and Diana. Unexpectedly, Ninian arrives, in the absence of Herbert, at his business, and of Ina, resting. Thus he becomes acquainted with Lulu first and in a measure understands her position in the house. To Lulu, Ninian is a much-traveled man of the world and even the slight interest which he takes in her is appreciated, because it is something new in her life.

III—JUNE.—At an outing which the family takes, Ninian and Lulu become in a measure confidential. He expresses his disapproval of her treatment as a sort of dependent in the Deacon home. Lulu has vaguely had the same thoughts, but her loyalty to her sister and her own diffidence made Ninian's comments embarrassing. He declares his intention of giving the family a "good time" in the city before he leaves. Diana and Bobby, in the course of "soft nothings," discuss the possibility of eloping and "surprising the whole school." Lulu, despite herself, has awakened to pleasant possibilities concerning Ninian's intentions toward herself, the more so because hitherto she has been a practical nonentity in the household, having little to do with its simple social functions. The fact that Ninian had walked home with her causes all sorts of speculations to disturb her slumbers that night.

IV—JULY.—Ninian redeems his promise of a "good time," and dinner in the adjacent city, with the attentions shown her by her brother-in-law, is a delight to Lulu. At supper, after the theater, the conversation languishes, and Herbert banteringly suggests reading the funeral service as a rebuke for the dullness. Ninian apparently jokingly urges the substitution of the wedding service, himself and Lulu participating. As part of the joke Lulu repeats the words of the civil ceremony, with Ninian. The laughter subsiding, Herbert remembers that a civil wedding is binding in the state, and inasmuch as he is a magistrate, Ninian and Lulu are legally wedded. The rest of the party is shocked, but Ninian declares he is perfectly satisfied. Lulu is dumfounded but secretly happy. She and Ninian depart at once for their honeymoon, without returning to Warbleton. The Deacons lose no time spreading the news in the home town, though the services of Lulu are sadly missed in the household.

V—AUG.—Lulu's marriage, now an event of a month ago, still is a subject of conversation in the Deacon family, Ina feeling that there is something vaguely disquieting in her sister's letters. Abruptly, Lulu returns to her former home, without Ninian, and with the appalling news that he had a wife living (though he declares he believed her dead). "Amen" Di flashed in her eyes at the mirror fresh upon her perfect hair, silk dress turned up at the hem. She met Cornish, crimsoned, fluttered to her seat, joggled the table and, "Oh, dear," she said audibly to her mother, "I forgot my ring."

The talk was saved alive by a frank effort. Dwight served, making jests about everybody coming back for more. They went on with Warbleton happenings, improvements and openings; and the runaway. Cornish tried hard to make himself agreeable, not ingratiatingly, but good-naturedly. He wished profoundly that before coming he had looked up some more stories in the back of the Musical Gazette.

Lulu surreptitiously pinched off an ant that was running at large upon the cloth and thereafter kept her eyes steadfastly on the sugar bowl to see if it could be from that. Dwight pretended that those whom he was helping a second time were getting more than their share and facetiously landed on Di about eating so much that she would grow up and be married, first thing she knew. At the word "married" Di turned scarlet, laughed heartily and lifted her glass of water.

Later on, Cornish confided more to Dwight: He was to come by a little



Later on, Cornish confided more to Dwight: He was to come by a little inheritance some day.

inheritance some day—not much, but something. Yes, it made a man feel a certain confidence.

"Don't it?" said Dwight, heartily, as if he knew.

Every one liked Cornish. He told funny stories, and he never compared Warbleton save to its advantage. So at last Dwight said tentatively at lunch:

"What if I brought that Neil Cornish up for supper one of these nights?"

"Oh, Dwightie, do," said Ina. "There's a man in town, let's know it."

"What if I brought him up tonight?"

Up went Ina's eyebrows. Tonight?

"Scalloped potatoes and meat loaf and sauce and bread and butter," Lulu contributed.

Cornish came to supper. He was what is known in Warbleton as dapper. This Ina saw as she emerged on the veranda in response to Dwight's informal halloo on his way upstairs. She herself was in white muslin, now much too saug, and a blue ribbon. To her greeting their guest replied in that engaging shyness which is not awkwardness. He moved in some pleasant web of gentleness and friendliness.

They asked him the usual questions, and he replied, rocking all the time with a faint undulating motion of head and shoulders: Warbleton was one of the prettiest little towns that he had ever seen. He liked the people—they seemed different. He was sure to like the place, already liked it. Lulu came to the door in Ninian's thin black-and-white gown. She shook hands with the stranger, not looking at him, and said, "Come to supper, all." Monona was already in her place, singing under-breath. Mrs. Bett, after hovering in the kitchen door, entered; but they forgot to introduce her.

"Where's Di?" asked Ina. "I declare that daughter of mine is never anywhere."

A brief silence ensued as they were seated. There being a guest, grace was to come, and Dwight said, unintelligibly and like lightning, a generic appeal to bless this food, forgive all our sins and finally save us. And there was something tremendous in this ancient form whereby all stages of men how in some now unrecognized recognition of the ceremonial of taking food to nourish life—and more.

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And what instruments do you

play? Ina asked Cornish, in an unrelated effort to lift the talk to musical levels.

"Well, do you know," said the music man, "I can't play a thing. Don't know a black note from a white one."

"You don't? Why Di plays very prettily," said Di's mother. "But, then, how can you tell what songs to order?" Ina cried.

"Oh, by the music houses. You go by the -ales." For the first time it occurred to Cornish that this was ridiculous. "You know, I'm really studying law," he said, shyly and proudly. Law! How very interesting from Ina. Oh, but won't he bring up some songs some evening, for them to fry over? Her and Di? At this Di laughed and said that she was out of practice and lifted her glass of water. In the presence of adults Di made one weep, she was so slender, so young, so without defenses, so intolerably sensitive to every contact, so in agony lest she be found wanting. It was amazing how unlike was this Di to the Di who had ensnared Bobby Larkin. What was one to think?

Cornish paid very little attention to her. To Lulu he said kindly, "Don't you play, Miss—?" He had not caught her name—no stranger ever did catch it. But Dwight now supplied it: "Miss Lulu Bett," he explained, with loud emphasis, and Lulu burned her slow red. This question Lulu had usually answered by telling how a felon had interrupted her lessons and she had stopped "taking"—a participle sacred to music, in Warbleton. This vignette had been a kind of epitome of Lulu's biography. But now Lulu was heard to say, serenely:

"No, but I'm quite fond of it. I went to a lovely concert—two weeks ago."

They all listened. Strange, indeed, to think of Lulu as having had experiences of which they did not know.

"Yes," she said. "It was in Savannah, Georgia." She flushed, and lifted her eyes in a manner of faint defiance.

"Of course," she said, "I don't know the names of all the different instruments they played, but there were a good many."

She laughed pleasantly as a part of her sentence. "They had some lovely tunes," she said. She knew that the subject was not exhausted and she hurried on. "The hall was real large," she superadded, "and there were quite a good many people there. And it was too warm."

"I see," said Cornish, and said what he had been waiting to say: That he, too, had been in Savannah, Georgia. Lulu lit with pleasure. "Well," she said. And her mind worked and she caught at the moment before it had escaped. "Isn't it a pretty city?" she asked. And Cornish assented with the intense heartiness of the provincial. He, too, it seemed, had a conversational appearance to maintain by his own effort. He said that he had enjoyed being in that town and that he was there for two hours.

"I was there for a week," Lulu's superiority was really pretty.

"Have good weather?" Cornish selected next.

"Oh, yes. And they saw all the different buildings—but at her "we" she

flushed and was silenced. She was coloring and breathing quickly. This was the first bit of conversation of this sort in Lulu's life.

After supper Ina inevitably proposed croquet, Dwight pretended to try to escape and, with his irrepressible mien, talked about Ina, elaborate in his insistence on the third person—"She loves it, we have to humor her, you know how it is. Or no! You don't know! But you will"—and more of the same sort, everybody laughing heartily, save Lulu, who looked uncomfortable and wished that Dwight wouldn't, and Mrs. Bett, who paid no attention to anybody that night, not because she had not been introduced, an omission which she had not even noticed, but merely as another form of "tantrum"—a self-indulgence.

They emerged for croquet. And there on the porch sat Jenny Plover and Bobby, waiting for Di to keep an old engagement, which Di pretended to have forgotten, and to be frightfully annoyed to have to keep. She met the objections of her parents with all the batteries of her coquetry, set for both Bobby and Cornish and, held in the presence of "company," at last went laughing away. And in the minute areas of her consciousness she said to herself that Bobby would be more in love with her than ever because she had risked all to go with him; and that Cornish ought to be distinctly attracted to her because she had not stayed. She was as primitive as pollen.

Ina was vexed. She said so, putting in a fashion which she should have outgrown with white muslin and blue ribbons, and she had outgrown none of these things.

"That just spoils croquet," she said. "I'm vexed. Now we can't have a real game."

From the side door, where she must have been lingering among the water-pots, Lulu stepped forth.

"I'll play a game," she said.

When Cornish actually proposed to bring some music to the Deacons', Ina turned toward Dwight Herbert all the facets of her responsibility. And Ina's sense of responsibility toward Di was enormous, oppressive, primitive, amounting, in fact, toward this daughter of Dwight Herbert's late wife, to an ability to compress the offices of stepmotherhood into the functions of the lecture platform. Ina was a fountain of admonition. Her idea of a daughter, step or not, was that of a manufactured product, strictly, which you constantly pinched and molded. She thought that a moral preceptor had the right to secrete precepts. Di got them all. But of course the crest of Ina's responsibility was to marry Di. This verb should be transitive

only when lovers are speaking of each other, or the minister or magistrate is speaking of lovers. It should never be transitive when predicated of parents or any other third party. But it is. Ina was quite agitated by its transiency as she took to her husband her incredible responsibility.

"You know, Herbert," said Ina, "if this Mr. Cornish comes here very much, what we may expect."

"What may we expect?" demanded Dwight Herbert, crisply.

Ina always played his games, answered what he expected her to answer, pretended to be intuitive when she was not so, said "I know" when she didn't know at all. Dwight Herbert, on the other hand, did not even play her games when he knew perfectly what she meant, but pretended not to understand, made her repeat, made her explain. It was as if Ina had to please him for, say, a living; but as for that dentist, he had to please nobody. In the conversations of Dwight and Ina you saw the historical home forming in clots in the fluid wash of the community.

"He'll fall in love with Di," said Ina.

"And what of that? Little daughter will have many a man fall in love with her, I should say."

"Yes, but, Dwight, what do you think of him?"

"What do I think of him? My dear Ina, I have other things to think of."

"But we don't know anything about him, Dwight—a stranger so."

"On the other hand," said Dwight with dignity, "I know a good deal about him."

With a great air of having done the fatherly and found out about this stranger before bringing him into the home, Dwight now related a number of stray circumstances dropped by Cornish in their chance talks.

"He has a little inheritance coming to him—shortly," Dwight wound up.

"An inheritance—really? How much, Dwight?"

"Now isn't that like a woman. Isn't it?"

"I thought he was from a good family," said Ina.

"My mercenary little pussy!"

"Well," she said with a sigh, "I shouldn't be surprised if Di did really accept him. A young girl is awfully flattered when a good-looking older man pays her attention. Haven't you noticed that?"

Dwight informed her, with an air of immense abstraction, that he left all such matters to her. Being married to Dwight was like a perpetual rehearsal, with Dwight's self-importance for audience.

A few evenings later, Cornish brought up the music. There was something overpowering in this brown-haired chap against the background of his negligible little shop, his whole capital in his few pianos. For he looked hopefully ahead, woke with plans, regarded the children in the street as if, conceivably, children might come within the confines of his life as he imagined it. A preposterous little man. And a preposterous store, empty, echoing, bare of wall, the three pianos near the front, the remainder of the floor stretching away like the corridors of the lost. He was going to get a dark curtain, he explained, and furnish the back part of the store as his own room. What dignity in phrasing, but how mean that little room would look—cot bed, wash-bowl and pitcher, and little mirror—almost certainly a mirror with a wavy surface, almost certainly that.

"And then, you know," he always added, "I'm reading law."

The Plovers had been asked in that evening, Bobby was there. They were, Dwight Herbert said, going to have a sing.

Di was to play. And Di was now embarked on the most difficult feat of her emotional life, the feat of remaining to Bobby Larkin the lure, the beloved lure, the while to Cornish she instinctively played the role of womanly little girl.

"Up by the festive lamp, everybody!" Dwight Herbert cried.

As they gathered about the upright piano, that startled, Dwight instrument, standing in its attitude of unrest, Lulu came in with another lamp.

"Do you need this?" she asked.

"They did not need it, there was, in fact, no place to set it, and this Lulu must have known. But Dwight found a place. He swept Ninian's photograph from the marble shelf of the mirror, and when Lulu had placed the lamp there, Dwight thrust the photograph into her hands.

"You take care of that," he said, with a droop of lid discernible only to those who—presumably—loved him. His old attitude toward Lulu had shown a terrible sharpening in these ten days since her return.

She stood uncertainly, in the thin black and white gown which Ninian had bought for her, and held Ninian's photograph and looked helplessly about. She was moving toward the door when Cornish called:

"See here! Aren't you going to sing?"

"What?" Dwight used the falsetto. "Lulu sing? Lulu?"

She stood awkwardly. She had a piteous recedescence of her old agony at being spoken to in the presence of others. But Di had opened the "Album of Old Favorites," which Cornish had elected to bring, and now she struck the opening chords of "Bonny Eloise." Lulu stood still, looking rather piteously at Cornish.

Dwight offered his arm, absurdly crooked. The Plovers and Ina and Di began to sing. Lulu moved forward, and stood a little away from them, and sang, too. She was still holding Ninian's picture. Dwight did not sing. He lifted his shoulders and his eyebrows and watched Lulu



"Miss Lulu Bett, the Mocking Bird!" Dwight insisted.

"Fine!" cried Cornish. "Why, Miss Lulu, you have a good voice!"

"Miss Lulu Bett, the mocking bird!" Dwight insisted.

Lulu was excited, and in some accession of faint power. She turned to him now, quietly, and with a look of appraisal.

"Lulu the dove," she then surprisingly said, to put up with you."

It was her first bit of conscious repartee to her brother-in-law.

Cornish was bending over Di

"What next do you say?" he asked. She lifted her eyes, met his own, held them. "There's such a lovely, lovely sacred song here," she suggested, and looked down.

"You like sacred music?"

She turned to him her pure profile, her eyelids fluttering up, and said: "I love it."

"That's it. So do I. Nothing like a nice sacred piece," Cornish declared.

Bobby Larkin, at the end of the piano, looked directly into Di's face.

"Give me ragtime," he said now, with the effect of bursting out of somewhere. "Don't you like ragtime?" he put it to her directly.

Di's eyes danced into his, they sparkled for him, her smile was a smile for him alone, all their store of common memories was in their look.

"Let's try 'My Rock, My Refuge,'" Cornish suggested. "That's got up real attractive."

Di's profile again, and her pleased voice saying that this was the very

one she had been hoping to hear him sing.

They gathered for "My Rock, My Refuge."

"Oh," cried Ina, at the conclusion of this number, "I'm having such a perfectly beautiful time. Isn't everybody?" everybody's hostess put it.

"Lulu is," said Dwight, and added softly to Lulu: "She don't have to hear herself sing."

It was incredible. He was like a bad boy with a frog. About that photograph of Ninian he found a dozen ways to torture her, called attention to it, showed it to Cornish, set it on the piano facing them all. Everybody must have understood—excepting the Plovers. These two gentle souls sang placidly through the Album of Old Favorites, and at the melodies smiled happily upon each other with an air from another world. Always it was as if the Plovers walked some fair, inter-penetrating plane, from which they looked out as do other things not quite of earth, say, flowers and fire and music.

Strolling home that night, the Plovers were overtaken by some one who ran badly, and as if she were unaccustomed to running.

"Mis' Plover, Mis' Plover!" this one called, and Lulu stood beside them.

"Say!" she said. "Do you know of any job that I could get me? I mean that I'd know how to do? A job for money. . . . I mean a job. . . ."

She burst into passionate crying. They drew her home with them.

Lying awake sometime after midnight, Lulu heard the telephone ring. She heard Dwight's concerned "Is that so?" and his cheerful "Be right there."

Grandma Gates was sick, she heard him tell Ina. In a few moments he ran down the stairs. Next day they told how Dwight had sat for hours that night, holding Grandma Gates so that her back would rest easily and she could fight for her faint breath. The kind fellow had only about two hours of sleep the whole night long.

Next day there came a message from that woman who had brought up Dwight—"made him what he was," he often complacently accused her. It was a note on a postal card—she had often written a few lines on a postal card to say that she had sent the maple sugar, or could Ina get her some samples. Now she wrote a few lines on a postal card to say that she was going to die with cancer. Could Dwight and Ina come to her while she was still able to visit? If he was not too busy. . . .

Nobody saw the pity and the terror of that postal card. They stuck it up by the kitchen clock to read over from time to time, and before they left, Dwight lifted the griddle of the cooking-stove and burned the postal card. And before they left Lulu said: "Dwight—you can't tell how long

you'll be gone?"

"Of course not. How should I tell?"

"No. And that letter might come while you're away."

"Conceivably. Letters do come while a man's away."

"Dwight—I thought if you wouldn't mind if I opened it—"

"Opened it?"

"Yes. You see, it'll be about me mostly—"

"I should have said that it'll be about my brother mostly."

"But you know what I mean. You wouldn't mind if I did open it?"

"But you say you know what'll be in it."

"So I did know—till you—I've got to see that letter, Dwight."

"And so you shall. But not till I show it to you. My dear Lulu, you know how I hate having my mail interfered with."

She might have said: "Small souls always make a point of that." She said nothing. She watched them set off, and kept her mind on Ina's thousand injunctions.

"Don't let Di see much of Bobby Larkin. And Lulu—if it occurs to her to have Mr. Cornish come up to sing, of course you ask him. You might ask him to supper. And don't let mother overdo. And Lulu, now do watch Monona's handkerchief—the child will never take a clean one if I'm not here to tell her. . . ."

She breathed injunctions to the very step of the bus.

In the bus Dwight leaned forward: "See that you play post office squarely, Lulu!" he called, and threw back his head and lifted his eyebrows.

In the train he turned tragic eyes to his wife.

"Ina," he said. "It's ma. And she's going to die. It can't be. . . ."

Ina said: "But you're going to help her, Dwight, just being there with her."

It was true that the mere presence of the man would bring a kind of fresh life to that worn frame. Tact and wisdom and love would speak through him and minister.

Toward the end of their week's absence the letter from Ninian came.

Lulu took it from the post office when she went for the mail that evening, dressed in her dark red gown. There was no other letter, and she carried that one letter in her hand all through the streets. She passed those who were surmising what her story might be, who were telling one another what they had heard. But she knew hardly more than they. She passed Cornish in the doorway of his little music shop, and spoke with him; and there was the letter. It was so that Dwight's foster mother's postal card might have looked on its way to be mailed.

Cornish stepped down and overtook her.

"Oh, Miss Lulu, I've got a new song or two—"

She said abstractedly: "Do. Any night. Tomorrow night—could you—"

It was as if Lulu were too preoccupied to remember to be ill at ease.

Cornish flushed with pleasure, said that he could indeed.

"Come for supper," Lulu said.

Oh, could he? Wouldn't that be. . . . Well, say! Such was his acceptance.

He came for supper. And Di was not at home. She had gone off in the country with Jenny and Bobby, and they merely did not return.

Mrs. Bett and Lulu and Cornish and Monona supped alone. All were at ease, now that they were alone. Especially Mrs. Bett was at ease. It became one of her young nights, her alive and lucid nights. She was there. She sat in Dwight's chair and Lulu sat in Ina's chair. Lulu had picked flowers for the table—a task coveted by her but usually performed by Ina. Lulu had now picked Sweet William and had filled a vase of silver gilt taken from the parlor. Also, Lulu had made ice cream.

"I don't see what Di can be thinking of," Lulu said. "It seems like asking you under false—"

She was afraid of "pretenses" and ended without it.

Cornish savored his steaming beef pie, with sauce. "Oh, well!" he said, contentedly.

"Kind of a relief, I think, to have her gone," said Mrs. Bett, from the fullness of something or other.

"Mother!" Lulu said, twisting her smile.

"Why, my land, I love her," Mrs. Bett explained, "but she wiggles and clitters."

Cornish never made the slightest effort, at any time, to keep a straight face. The honest fellow now laughed loudly.

"Well!" Lulu thought. "He can't be so very much in love." And again she thought: "He doesn't know anything about the letter. He thinks Ninian got tired of me." Deep down in her heart there abode her certainty that this was not so.

By some etiquette of consent, Mrs. Bett cleared the table and Lulu and Cornish went into the parlor. There lay the letter on the drop-leaf side-table, among the shells. Lulu had carried it there, where she need not see it at her work. The letter looked no more than the advertisement of dental office furniture beneath it. Monona stood indifferently fingering both.

"Monona," Lulu said sharply, "leave them be!"

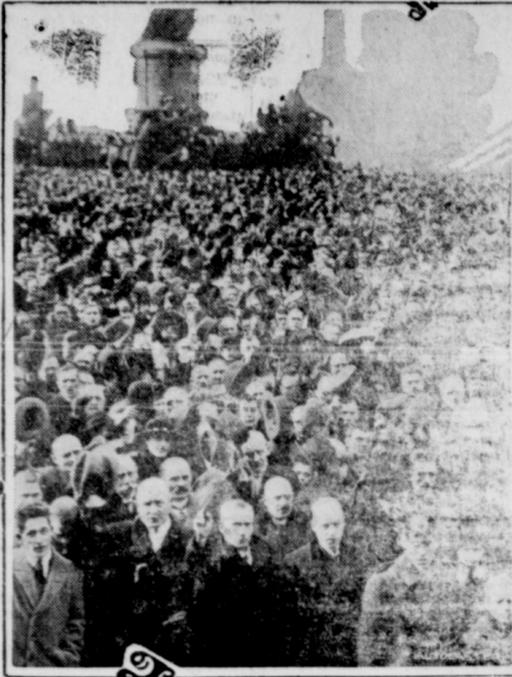
Cornish was displaying his music. "Got up quite attractive," he said—it was his formula of praise for his music.

"But we can't try it over," Lulu said, "if Di doesn't come."

"Well, say," said Cornish shyly, "you know I left that Album of Old Favorites here. Some of them we know by heart."

(Continued Next Week)

German Resentment Against French



This first and exclusive picture shows German resentment against French invasion of the Ruhr, taken as thousands crowded the square around the Bismarck monument on King's Place in Berlin. German police could not control the crowd which was frenzied to the point of demanding war.

REVOLT SIGNS APPEARING IN INVADIED AREA—MANY DISTURBANCES ARE STAGED

Berlin, Feb. 11.—Demonstrations of revolt against a virtual state of French annexation were staged by inhabitants of the Ruhr as France again extended the occupied zone Saturday.

Dispatches from Bochum said that two French soldiers were disarmed by crowds and one of them stabbed. Many disturbances were significant with word that the French were extending their advance from the neighborhood of Elberfeld and Lennep toward Radevormald.

Postal Scales. Brady Standard.

ORDER PLACED BY CITY FOR 1,000 GALLON SPRINKLER TO BE MOUNTED ON NEW TRUCK

Completing the equipping of the big three-ton Liberty truck, received last week from the government, the city council has just placed an order for a 1,000-gallon sprinkler, which will be mounted upon the truck chassis. The new equipment is to be shipped out of Chicago, and delivery is anticipated in about thirty days. The city proposes to equip the new sprinkler ready for use, and to the Brady Chamber of Commerce has been assigned the task of financing its operation.

Postal Scales. Brady Standard.

SANTA FE DEMONSTRATION TRAIN HERE MARCH 16

The agricultural department of the Santa Fe railway expects good results from the livestock demonstration train which will be in Brady, Friday, March 16 at 3:30 p. m. for a meeting with farmers and town folks who are interested in dairying, hog raising, poultry raising, according to The Earth, the company's agricultural and industrial paper.

"In the enterprise described," says The Earth, "the Santa Fe is co-operating with the Texas A. & M. College which has several important messages for everybody who gives thought to the development of the important farming business of this great commonwealth. The college is sending its best men to present three big subjects—Professor Evans, dairying; Professor Ward, hog raising; Professor Edson, poultry raising; and others of the extension service, who will discuss the three subjects generally. These men will be disappointed if farmers fail to ask questions. They urge farmers to bring their problems to the meeting. Women are specially invited.

"In addition to the lectures mentioned, there will be a meeting for boys and girls, conducted by John Eagan, A. L. Smith and T. B. Wood, district agents of the college extension service. A number of Santa Fe officials will accompany the party.

"The train will stand at the Santa Fe station, and the meeting will start immediately on arrival.

"The Santa Fe has run a number of trains similar to the one now organizing for Texas, and satisfactory results have followed in every instance. Everything points to success for the project under way. Farmers are invited to help make it a success by attending the meeting."

NOTICE!

On account of compiling ledger information furnished by the Brady merchants, there will be no meeting of the Rating Board during the month of January. RETAIL MERCHANTS ASS'N.

Let Macy & Co. fill your coal bins. Phone 295.

CITATION BY PUBLICATION.

THE STATE OF TEXAS To the Sheriff or any Constable of McCulloch County, Greeting:

You Are Hereby Commanded to summon Genevieve Graham by making publication of this Citation once in each week for four successive weeks previous to the return day hereof, in some newspaper published in your County, if there be a newspaper published therein, but if not, then in any newspaper published in the Thirty-fifth Judicial District; but if there be no newspaper published in said Judicial District, then in a newspaper published in the nearest District to said Thirty-fifth Judicial District, to appear at the next regular term of the District Court of McCulloch County, to be held at the Court House thereof, in Brady, Texas, on the Third Monday in March A. D. 1923, the same being the 19th day of March 1923, then and there to answer a petition filed in said Court on the 26th day of January A. D. 1923 in a suit, numbered on the docket of said Court No. 2147, wherein W. C. Graham is Plaintiff, and Genevieve Graham is Defendant, and said petition alleging that the plaintiff and defendant were legally married in Comanche County, Texas, on Nov. 2nd, A. D. 1913, and lived together as husband and wife till about July 16, 1921. That for about 1 year before July 16, 1921, the defendant prosecuted a course of misconduct towards plaintiff and his family, such as rendered their living together insupportable. That during said last year of their cohabitation, the defendant was guilty of unchastity, lewdness and adultery with other men; and during said time the defendant contracted and communicated to plaintiff a venereal disease, thus compelling plaintiff to abandon defendant about July 16, 1921, after which time plaintiff and defendant have never cohabited as husband and wife. That the plaintiff and defendant had born unto them of said wedlock 2 children, to-wit: W. C. Graham, Jr., a boy 8 years old, and Victor Graham, a boy 5 years old. That the defendant is incompetent and unfit to care for and rear the said children and that the plaintiff is, in every way qualified to care for, rear and educate his said children. Wherefore, plaintiff prays for proper citation to the defendant, and upon final hearing on said petition for judgment of the Court granting plaintiff a full divorce from the defendant, and a judgment awarding to plaintiff the care and custody of said minor children.

Herein Fail Not, but have before said Court, at its aforesaid next regular term, this writ with your return thereon, showing how you have executed the same.

Given Under My Hand and the Seal of Said Court at office in Brady, Texas, this 26th day of January A. D. 1923.

BOYD COMMANDER, Clerk District Court McCulloch County, Texas.

Announcement

We take pleasure in announcing to the citizens of Brady and McCulloch county, the purchase of the Julian H. Behrens stock of groceries, and the continuation in the same stand in the Henderson building on the northwest side of the square, of a

Modern, Complete Grocery



We will carry Groceries exclusively, and have restocked in every line with new, fresh goods. We will do a strictly "Cash and Carry" business, meeting all competition in prices, and giving service of "Guaranteed Satisfaction." GOOD GROCERIES and RIGHT PRICES is the basis upon which we hope to receive a share of your trade and merit your continued patronage.

WE CORDIALLY INVITE OUR FRIENDS, OLD AND NEW, TO CALL AND GET ACQUAINTED WITH OUR LINES, WITH ASSURANCE THAT IT WILL BE A PLEASURE TO SERVE YOU.

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John R. Winstead, Jr.

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PHONES: Office 79
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FORMER McCULLOCH CITIZEN, NEPHEW OF C. A. YOAS, KILLED IN GUN BATTLE AT PECOS

C. A. Yoas of this city is in receipt of news of the death of his nephew, M. L. Roddy, city marshal of Pecos, who lost his life in a gun fight with one Arthur Hayes, also of Pecos, on Tuesday, January 30th. The news of the terrible tragedy will be learned with regret here, many of our citizens remembering Mr. Roddy, who at one time lived in Mason county, and later was for a time located in the Calf Creek community. For the past five years he had been city marshal at Pecos, and is spoken of by the Pecos Gusher as both fearless and faithful in the performance of his duties, and as being held in highest esteem by the entire citizenship. From the testimony adduced at the examining trial, it appeared that Hayes' grievance was that Roddy had searched him, and, after reviling the officer for this, he drew his gun. The marshal also drew his own gun and both men fired several shots, Roddy being killed almost instantaneously, while Hayes came out unscathed. Following the examining trial, Hayes was remanded to jail without bond.

Hayes is reported by the Mason News as a former resident of Mason.

Dr. O. J. Bryan, also a former Bradyite, performed the autopsy upon the deceased, his testimony at the examining trial being as follows, according to the Pecos Gusher:

"Dr. O. J. Bryan, who performed an autopsy at the undertaking establishment, stated that Mr. Roddy came to his death from a gun shot wound, the bullet entering the left breast two inches above the nipple, and about one-half inch to the left. The bullet passed through the left lung, the heart and the right lung, lodging in the right side. The wound, he stated, was mortal, and death practically instantaneous. The range of the bullet was slightly backward and slightly downward."

Concerning the death of Mr. Roddy, the following article is reprinted from the Pecos Gusher:

In a tragedy, deplored by all our people, and one that leaves a trail of sorrow for loved ones, of both principals in the affray, M. L. Roddy, for the past five years, marshal of Pecos City, was shot and instantly

killed, Tuesday afternoon, January 30.

Mr. Roddy was born near Cameron in Milam county, Texas, February 19, 1874. He moved to Mason county and, after a short residence came to west Texas in 1892, locating at Odessa. From a short residence at Carlsbad he came to Pecos in 1907, and operated a barber shop. With the exception of about one year, spent in El Paso, his residence here was continuous, and about five years ago he was appointed marshal, and in two elections had been the choice of the people for that office. About eighteen years of his life has been given to the enforcement of law as a peace officer. Roddy's record as marshal in Pecos is an enviable one. True, he was human like all of us and had his faults, but his better qualifications far outweighed his shortcomings. Keenly alive to every phase of duty, Roddy can never be classed as a shirker, and his work and sacrifices during the flu epidemic in Pecos will long be remembered. He was responsible for the apprehension of the slayer of his predecessor, T. Y. Moorhead. It was Lee Roddy who, regardless of personal safety, rushed to the aid of firemen buried under the walls of a burning building and with bare hands removed the debris, saving a human life.

The writer knew him intimately for the past sixteen years. Reviewing events we find that the good things about him far outnumber the faults. A staunch friend, on whom you could depend, and fearless. As an officer who did not believe in following the line of least resistance, he was bound to have made enemies; that was natural.

To mourn his going there is an aged mother, Mrs. C. E. Brady, his wife, and son, Richard, all of Pecos. Our sympathy is extended to them in this dark hour.

Funeral services were conducted at the home by J. M. Garner, Baptist pastor, who paid high tribute to deceased as an officer who was fearless, and a friend who was true.

As a tribute to a public servant, nearly every business house in the city closed during the funeral, and a procession a half mile long followed the body to Fairview, where, beneath the beautiful floral offerings of friends the body was returned to earth. Heading the procession was

the magnificent fire engine of the city, carrying his comrades and friends of the department. Active pall bearers were the members of the city council.

TOTAL ECLIPSE OF SUN IN SEPTEMBER TO LAST TWO MINUTES

Chicago, Feb. 8.—A total eclipse of the sun will be visible over part of the United States September 10th this year, lasting for about two minutes, but Chicago and the middle west will have only a partial eclipse to view, and a very small one at that, even less than was seen here June 8, 1918, when the last total eclipse visited the United States.

Chicago, though, is becoming rather used to being neglected by such solar phenomena, for the available records show that the last time the moon intervened and totally blotted out the sun's rays from falling on the southern end of Lake Michigan was 1151 years ago.

That was the year—772 A. D.—that Charlemagne started his war against the Saxons. The eclipse only took a couple of minutes, but it took Charlemagne thirty-two years to finish the war.

The best spot for observing the coming eclipse next September will be on Catalina Island, off the coast of California, scientists say. Edwin B. Frost, director of Yerkes observatory, Williams Bay, Wisconsin, will take an expedition there. The total eclipse will last about two minutes, starting at 12:54 p. m. September 1, at Catalina.

Logical Anyway.

Teacher—"Define trickle."
Boy—"To run slowly."
Teacher—"Define anecdote."
Boy—"A short, funny tale."
Teacher—"Use both words in a sentence."
Boy—"The dog trickled down the street with a can tied to his anecdote."

Card of Thanks.

I wish to thank the good people for their kindness and attention to my wife during her illness and death, and the kindness to myself and the children afterwards.

J. W. SANSOM.

Read The Brady Standard.